

Your Letter From Home

Two Texas mosquitoes dove on a cow and killed it. Then they got into an argument about where they would eat it. One mosquito said, "Let's take it across the river." The other mosquito said, "No, if we do the big boys will take it away from us."—From A/C Joe Dodgen, Corpus Christi, Texas.

Sent To You With The Best Wishes Of
Veterans of Foreign Wars
The Gates Dry Goods Co.
The Fort Dodge Creamery
The Tobin Packing Co.
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Radio Station KVFD
Ft. Dodge Tent & Awning
Rialto and Strand Theatres.

Sponsors of "Your Letter From Home" heard over KVFD daily 12:45 p. m., Monday through Friday.

Capt: "Why didn't you salute me the other day?"
Seaman: "I didn't see you, sir."
Capt: "Good! I was afraid you were mad at me."

—From "The Barracks Watch." San Francisco, Calif.

Number 48

WRITTEN EVERY FRIDAY

September 22, 1944

☛ **DEAR JOE:** You'd like it in town now. We are having wonderful September weather, with the air like wine and the leaves turning every color of gold and saffron and scarlet and smoky brown. The corn looks good and the beans are heading for a record crop . . . The high schoolers have been out in force a couple of nights for pep rallies. Have a big bonfire at Dodger Field and then go into a snake dance down town . . . Most of the college gals have returned to the campus. Elowene Garlock left Wednesday . . . Cigarettes are hard to get. Glad I quit smoking. When you do find a package, 20 cents gets you Mint Juleps, Chelsea, or what else don't you like . . . Remember that little story "Street Scene" from the Readers Digest that we ran in Y. L. F. H. of Sept. 1st? Author whose identity we did not know at that time is H. C. McCaughy, of the Webster City Freeman Journal. Know what he got for that story? He told me this morning. Two hundred bucks.

☛ **HOME TOWN.** Republicans had a dinner for Gov. B. B. Hickenlooper at the Warden Thursday evening . . . James Karcher, long time railroad engineer, died last Saturday . . . 1,200 men and women in the service from Webster County have applied for absent voters' ballots. How about it, Joe? Got yours? . . . Prowlers are still about. L. H. Burselson heard someone in his bedroom early Sunday morning. The burglar took a powder when a flashlight was turned on him. Joe Carpenter, Dodger halfback, found a man in his house early Sunday evening. The stranger said he must have made a mistake and left. The man that went to Harold Hager's house took his wife's purse. Dale Morris had eleven pedigree pigeons but someone stole them Saturday night. Police rushed thither and yon. Had themselves a busy time. Made no arrests. Christmas mailing for overseas is brisk. 1,000 packages are on their way already . . . Blue Barron's orchestra, directed by Tiny Wolfe, opened the Laramar Wednesday evening to an overflow crowd. Earlier in the evening, the band did a guest appearance on KVFD's "Home Town Canteen." . . . Clagg Hide and Fur Company has handled nearly 600,000 lbs. of wool this year . . . Lots of youngsters in school this year but not as many as last year. Total, 3,785 . . . The corn root borer has been discovered in Webster County. A tough enemy to get rid of, too.

☛ **TO A WEDDING THEY ARE GOING.** Delores Devlin and John J. Peed, in Fort Dodge, Oct. 14th . . . Mary Noreen O'Leary and M/Sgt. Edward Schultz, of Kansas City, Sept. 4th, in Colorado Springs . . . Eileen Wogensen and Lt. Harold Peyer, of St. Paul, Sept. 30th, at Williams Field, Chandler, Ariz. . . Marvene Morner, of Princeton, Ill., and C. Theodore Roos, of Lanyon, Sept. 10th, in Princeton. Roos attends North Park Seminary in Chicago . . . Mildred Telschow, of Vincent, and Richard Bothe, Oct. 1st, in Fort Dodge . . . Johanna Haugen, and Nielan Wille, G. M., Sept. 17th, in Fort Dodge. Wille was in seven major battles in the South Pacific.

☛ **SCOREBOARD.** George Knack ran like a frightened deer, got home for three touchdowns. His running mate, Joe Carpenter, carried the mail free riding and hell for leather. Big Charlie Ernst nudged his 206 pounds against the Albert Lea line and it sagged . . . It was a beautiful opener. Albert Lea is a very pretty town, built on two lakes and the football stadium is right on the edge of one of them—Lake Fountain. It was a mild September evening. The Dodgers were wearing new suits, scarlet jerseys with silver numerals and epaulets and gold pants. Halverson kicked off for Albert Lea, Ernst took the ball back to the 40. Carpenter picked up four. Knack made it a first down. Knack wheeled around end for 14 yards. Ernst cracked the line to the 27. And from there, Knack went over standing up and no one near him . . . That was the way it went. On the second touchdown, Joe Carpenter lugged the ball half way up the field, going 27 yards on a reverse. Ernst got three when we needed one. Then George was away again, 43 yards for another six points. And he made the 13th on a place kick. Later in the period, Knack ran 90 yards for another touchdown but someone got over enthusiastic and threw an illegal block and the play was nullified. In the 4th quarter, Knack snared an Albert Lea pass and ran 70 yards for the 3rd touchdown. He kicked the extra point . . . All this time, Albert Lea was showing flashes of fine football but doing nothing that counted until Knack tried a lateral on his own 14 yard line in the 3rd quarter. "Paws" Borland, Albert Lea end, gathered the ball into his bosom and skipped across the line for six points. . . That was the way the scoring went—Dodgers 20, Albert Lea 6. Toward the end of the game, with all the Dodger reserves in, George Constantine tossed a Dodger pass to Henry Wasem that went to the Albert Lea 6 yard line. And there the game ended. Bill Beers did the quarterbacking. Fieseler and Woodard were at the ends; Kiliper and Dickerson at the tackles; Carlson and Schweiger at guards, and Davidson at Center. The line play was good. Our running attack was wonderful. Our passes were very bad. It looks like another great year . . . Boone tonight . . . Wish you were here.

☛ **THE BOYS OF CO. "G"** were once known as "Palace" Guards when, as part of the 2nd Battalion of the 133rd Infantry, they guarded Allied Headquarters in Algiers. This is from a tribute to the "Palace" Guards, printed in the "Stars and Stripes": "The fighting spirit which has won the Palace Guards two DSC's, three Silver Stars and recommendations for a half-dozen other medals since Anzio largely is due to their sports successes," says Lt. Col. Bruno Marchi, Fort Dodge, who once coached at Iowa. "Part of it might be due, though, to the care which Col. Marchi shows for his men. All but the rawest replacements he calls by their first name. He knows their home towns and if they've been wounded he knows how badly, where it happened and on what date. Every Christmas he writes a personal note to every man's family and has maintained steady correspondence with many of them. When the rest of the regiment was ripped in Tunisia, Col. Marchi wrote the men's families from Algiers to assure them that "his boys" were all right, in one of the 18 scattered posts they were guarding."

☛ **WAR'S GRIM TOLL.** Sgt. Joe Rutledge, badly wounded in Italy, is back in this country at Percy Jones' Gen. Hospital at Battle Creek . . . Pvt. Chas. Lane was wounded in Burma July 1st by a Japanese sniper. He is in a general hospital in India . . . Lt. Don Kehm, POW in Germany, says he's getting along fine and is as tanned as a bricklayer . . . Lt. Paul Webb, wounded in Italy, is back in this country and hopes to be home soon . . . Sgt. Kenneth Ricketts, wounded in Italy, is in a Miami hospital . . . Lt. Darrell Hill, wounded in Italy, is back in this country . . . S/Sgt. Archie Smith, of Lehigh, was killed in France Aug. 10th. He was with the 3rd Army . . . Sgt. Deno Gardini, of Lehigh, slightly wounded in France, is recovering . . . Pfc. Warren Horner, POW since Corregidor, writes that he is fine and hopes to come home soon . . . Lt. Frank Sims, POW in Germany, wrote from there June 2nd. We received the card Sept. 15th. Frank was shot down over Austria in February. He says he is being treated well and is all in one piece, and is anxious to get home and back in radio.

☛ **ENJOYING MOM'S COOKING.** Sgt. Harry Largent, back from 31 months in the Pacific. . . Pfc. Rayburn Lentsch, after having been wounded in Italy . . . Ens. and Mrs. A. L. Brooks, from San Diego . . . Archie Keyser, F 2/c, from Navy Pier, Chicago . . . Jack Fetrow, S 2/c, from Farragut . . . Eddie Vannoni, Cox., wounded in the invasion of France on D-Day, from St. Alban's hospital, Long Island . . . Capt. Martin Van Patten, from Alamogordo, N. M. S/Sgt. and Mrs. Fred Heidick, from Jefferson Barracks . . . Sgt. Lester Challenger, from Jackson, Miss. . . 1st Lt. Marwyn Bruce, after 69 missions in New Guinea where he piloted a Billy Mitchell bomber . . . Geo. J. Elias, F 1/c, from 14 months in the South Pacific . . . Cpl. Wayne Aurand, from Ft. Sam Houston, Tex. . . Dan Kennedy, from the University of Detroit . . . Mr. and Mrs. Warren Amo. He has been in the Aleutians for the past two years . . . Pfc. Paul Tempel, from Fitzsimmons Hospital, Denver, Colo., where he is attending medical school . . . Second Lt. and Mrs. Everett Quade, enroute to Ft. Lewis, Washington . . . Cpl. Eugene Curl, from Kearns, Utah . . . Pfc. Curtis Wilkinson is home for good, honorably discharged. He's gotten a job in Oklahoma . . . Petty officer and Mrs. Hubert Dobmeier, from Gulfport, Miss. . . Keith Douglas, from Whidbey, Washington . . . Cpl. Mervin Larson, from Camp Berkeley, Texas . . . Pvt. Dale Decker, from Camp Pendleton, Calif. . . Arthur Hoeflin, S 1/c, from Norfolk, Va. . . Cpl. Melvin Peterson, from Ft. Knox, Ky.

☛ **HOME TOWN BOYS MAKE GOOD.** Glenn Anderson got his bars and pilot's wings at Pecos, Texas, early this month . . . Flight officer Edgar Rosen, in the CBI theatre, has been awarded the D. F. C. . . S/Sgt. Stan Pingel has been awarded the bronze star for heroic action in France. He also has the Purple Heart . . . John Sweeney has his wings and is now a flight officer . . . Jimmy Haring, Cox., a composer and a veteran of Guadalcanal, tied for top honors on the Lucky Strike quiz program Wednesday evening, Sept. 13th . . . James D. Rhodes, somewhere in Southern France, has been promoted from Lt. to Capt.

☛ **DOWN UNDER.** Wayne Laird, HA 1/c, is in the South Pacific. We'll do that number, Wayne . . . When Port Chicago, near San Francisco, blew up, killing everyone within a mile or so, Bob Ryno was only five miles away. Bob says, "I was shaken up a bit." He is now in New Guinea and a high speed radio operator . . . Cpl. Geo. Jr. Cox is on Saipan.

☛ **OVER HERE.** Ens. Frank J. Barry is at Newport, R. I. . . W. A. Vath, S 2/c, is at Farragut . . . Bill Newsom is an aviation cadet at Luke Field, Phoenix, Arizona. "Arizona grows more variety and better bugs than any other state in the Union. I have nearly gone nuts trying to figure out where mosquitoes could breed out here in Harqua Hola desert. I haven't seen a drop of water for miles around." Thanks for the patch, Bill . . . (P. S. Bill, see Joe Dodgen's story on Texas mosquitoes.) . . . A/C H. C. Elmore is at Corpus Christi, Texas . . . Pvt. Albert Broz is at Camp Fannin, Texas. We'll say those hellos, Al . . . Daniel G. Rodman, Mus 3/c, is at San Diego, Calif. . . Lloyd W. Norstrum, F 1/c, is at Portsmouth, Va. He says hello to the brother Moose. "I find the Lodge a good place everywhere." . . . Willard Whitcome, S 1/c, is at Ft. Pierce, Fla. . . Raymond C. Hogan is in Las Vegas, Nev. "They give us a three day pass and we go out to the gate, look this way and that and all you can see is wide open spaces. I just turn around and go back to my tent to read Y. L. F. H." . . . A/C Don W. Cook is at Merced, Calif. In Los Angeles, he visited the Paladium and met Betty Lucas . . . Pfc. Chas. F. Koestner of Duncombe, is back from Alaska, after 30 months and now at Ft. Leonard Wood. Thanks for the patch, Chas. We'll take care of that request . . . Sgt. Garland J. Porter is at Fort Lewis, Washington . . . Back from 6 months in the Pacific, Stanley G. Stine, MM 2/c, is in Ward B, U. S. Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, Va. Stan will be there 6 months. I know he'd like to hear from you. On his way home, he saw Rio De Janiero, which he says is "the most beautiful city in the world." We'll play that number, Stan . . . Back from overseas, S/Sgt. John S. Peterson is now at Will Rogers Field, Oklahoma City . . . Pvt. F. T. Rosendahl, of Lake City, is going to miss the opening dance at the Laramar for the first time in years. "Nothing I can do about it this time. I am here in Arkansas, going to Navy radio school." . . . Kenneth Christopher, S 1/c, is at the Navy Repair Station, New Orleans . . . Pvt. Verne F. Vlodeff is at Camp Hood, Texas . . . R. W. Tierney, SK 2/c, is at Camp Wallace, Texas . . . A/C Vyron W. Frye is at Gardner Field, Calif. . . Pfc. Gilbert G. Zobrosky and his twin brother are at Farmingdale, Long Island. Yes sir, Gib, we'll play that number. Tell your brother to send his girl's name and we'll play one for her, too . . . Robert Ewing, S 1/c, is at Corpus Christi, Texas . . . Out of the hospital after 110 days, A. E. Chantland, S 2/c, is now driving an ambulance at Farragut. He has a new daughter, Sandra Kay, but hasn't seen her yet. Had a forest fire there the other day. It took several companies of boots to quell it.

☛ **GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER.** Cpl. Paul Zierke and Chas. Ballstadt, of Knierim, in the Hawaiian Islands . . . Sgt. William J. Fisher and Sgt. Paul Savage will probably meet soon. Bill is with the 15th Air Force. The other day he picked up a newspaper, discovered Paul's name and address on it. Bill is on the trail. Bill has completed six combat missions . . . Cpl. W. M. Day and Kenny Brake on Saipan at the Garrison Theatre. Bud Trost and Brighi are at the other end of the island . . . Up in the Aleutians, Chas. A. McCarthy, BMA 1/c, met Pres. Roosevelt. The President ate with Chuck and his buddies in their mess hall . . . Cpl. T. J. Dowd and Al Maricle in Edmonton, Canada. Thanks, Tom, for the "Northwest News." . . . Pvt. C. G. Carver, Jr., of Vincent, Art. Dilges and Otto Hanson, at the Marine Base at Camp Pendleton, Ore. . . Lt. John K. McMahon, somewhere in France, expects to see his brother, Chuck, one of these days . . . Ens. Robert Welp, Lt. Bob Ashford and Lt. (j. g.) C. D. Anderson, in Alameda, Calif. Bob is out in the South Pacific somewhere now at a "crossroads." Thanks, Bob, for the "Casu Forecaster." . . . A/S Earl R. Youngstrom, of Dayton, and Howard Grooters, at La Junta, Colorado. Thanks, Earl, for "The Pilot." . . . Cpl. Bill Day and Jim Ericson, in the same house in Saipan. Jim's brother, "Hod," is POW in Germany . . . Pvt. Frank Murphy and Sgt. Francis Mahoney in Fresno, Calif. Thanks, Frank for "The Beam." . . . A/C Gary Rabiner and A/C Johnnie Gustafson at San Marcos, Texas. Gary is in navigation. Johnnie will get his bars and wings soon.

☛ **SUNNY ITALY.** Pvt. Gordan Belthius is in Italy . . . T/4 Fritz Schrandt, somewhere in Italy, found Rome even more wonderful than he had imagined it could be. He spent four days leave there.

☛ **HIGH C'S.** E. R. Marsh, EM 1/c, is now on the U. S. S. Apollo . . . Raymond H. Grunwald, BM 1/c, has visited almost every port on the North Atlantic, Russia, England, Iceland. He was in Iceland 6 months. He's also been in South America and was in on the invasion of Southern France after having spent some time in Italy. Thanks, Ray, for the picture . . . When the destroyer "Warrington" was lost in the Atlantic coastal hurricane, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Stillman were worried. Their son, Bob, R. M. 2/c, was a member of the crew. But Bob wired them the next morning. He was on shore, getting ready to go to radar school at Norfolk . . . Henry Roehring, BM 2/c, is on the U. S. S. American Legion.

☛ **OVERSEAS.** Pfc. Albert Higby is now getting his mail APO Seattle, Washington . . . Pvt. Joe Ritts, over in the Hawaiian Islands, writes "The USO traveling troupe is honoring us again today. With them is Margot Guiford, Jane Flynn, Dorothy Fay and Nancy Lee." Thanks, Joe, for the patch . . . S/Sgt. N. C. "Doc" Habenicht writes from Iran "Everything is about the same, too much of everything we get and not enough of the things we want." Sounds like Snafu, Doc. Thanks for the patch . . . In Hamdon, Iran, where Cpl. Paul H. Krueger is stationed, the answer to the question "What's cookin'?" is "Everything." Temperatures run from 130 degrees to 160 degrees. We'll take care of that request, Paul.

☛ **MERRY OLD.** His hospital has been designated for rehabilitation and 1st Lt. Willard James over in Merry Old England is plenty busy. He's C. C. of the convalescent department.

☛ **INSIGNIA AND SERVICE PAPERS.** The 88th Division from Sgt. Glenn Larson, somewhere in Italy. Thanks, Glenn . . . "The Beam" from Orville Walters, S 2/c, at Corpus Christi. Orv. says he's being shipped out soon. Thanks, Orv. We'll play that number . . . "The Stars and Stripes" from Pfc. Vassilli P. Vannoni, somewhere in Italy. Thanks, Vassilli . . . "The Longhorn" from Cpl. Dick Wallace, Camp Wolters, Texas. Thanks, Dick . . . "The Pipe" from J. D. Williams, S 1/c, Boston, Massachusetts. Thanks, J. D. . . . "Prop Wash" from Melvyn O. Phipps, S 1/c, Whidbey Island, Wash. Thanks, Melvyn . . . "The Chevron" from Pvt. Roger Fevold, San Diego. Thanks, Rog. . . The "AA Barrage" from Pvt. Bernard Kutz, Camp Davis, N. C. Also the AA patch. Thanks, Bernard. Kind of a novelty about that paper. It's the last one. A big 30 and a dying swan or a gone goose on the front. When our last issue goes to press, it will be without regret, my friend. There will be no 30 on it nor dead bird nor crepe. No sir! My friends, that will be a red letter day. And your last letter from home will be dressed in its reddest gaudiest best.

☛ **CORRECTION.** Rudi Anderson, somewhere in Italy, is not a pilot, but an aerial gunner.

☛ **FROM THE FIVE CORNERS OF THE WORLD.** Cpl. Lyle Porter, Iceland, "I have been up here in Iceland for better than a year already. I haven't been lucky enough to run across any Fort Dodgers yet. This place sure has a distinction, because of the Northern Lights. In a month or so they'll be streaking across the skies once again. I'm only hoping the war is over and I am out of here as soon as possible. These people don't appreciate the American soldier the least bit. So for my part the feeling is mutual." (Thanks, Lyle, for the "White Falcon." Lyle would like to hear from Sgt. Forrest Bailey.)

Pvt. Eric M. Nelson, Ft. Mommouth, New Jersey, "You have probably read in the newspapers or heard over the radio about the typhoon or wind storm we have had here on the coast the last couple of days. We live in tent huts but moved into the mess hall and slept on tables or anywhere we could last night as the rain tore down most of our tents. I thought it could rain and blow hard back in Iowa but this was worse than anything I ever experienced back home."

Cpl. Ronald T. Isaacson, France, "Am enclosing the insignia of the Third Inf. Div. to add to your collection. Sort of proud of that patch. Made quite a name for itself in the last war and has more than lived up to its reputation in this one. Came in the Third shortly after induction in February of '41, and with it through Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, Sicily, Italy and now Southern France. There were many things in Italy I enjoyed immensely such as Naples, Vesuvius, Pompeii, and the Rome "treasure house" of historical, religious and art collections; and, of course, the performances at the San Carlos opera house in Naples are especially interesting to anyone fond of music. It is a treat, though, to leave the unsanitary conditions in Italy and travel through country that is neat and clean as a pin. It's really beautiful here and the people so sincerely happy to see us. Americans are liberators here in the truest sense of the word. Read where Milo Bloomquist is enjoying a furlough, after his 50 missions over here. Was over to see me before he left and we had a grand chat." (Thanks, Ron, for the patch, and the swell story on Mary Dolliver.)

Cpl. John Cawelti, Saipan, "My last stop was on the island of Oahu, in the Hawaiian group. We had a very nice set up there; nice quarters, pleasant scenery, good climate, and not too hard work. We then took a long, unexciting and very hot boat trip to get here. It was something different, but it gets very tiresome looking at water for days and days. We were very crowded, had no protection from the sun on deck, and it was stifling hot below deck, where we

tried to sleep. At night, was the only time it was cool and we often stayed up half the night, enjoying the breezes. I often thought of how similar it was to the pictures and stories of the old slave ships; and the only difference being that we were allowed on deck. I don't remember before when I could sit perfectly still and the sweat would roll off until I was soaking wet. Eating was very bad, as we only ate twice a day, and then we would have to sweat (and I mean sweat) out the chow line for an hour or more, and would be too hot and tired to enjoy the food which was not too good. Fresh water was very scarce, and so showers were not taken too often. We used to pray for rain, and the few times it did rain, would take off our clothes and stand on deck and take a shower. I didn't shave for several days, so often looked and felt like a dirty ham. Finally, I started playing poker day and night and this helped pass the time and I won a few dollars. One bright spot of the trip was meeting Bob McNeily from home. He used to work at Peterson's. Is in the Marines, been away from home quite a long time so we used to get together and have a lot of long talks about home. At last, we neared Saipan and the night before we debarked, they told us about the island. All they told us was bad, nothing here but diseases, such as malaria, Dengue fever, elephantitis, leprosy, ring worms, T. B., venereal diseases (don't know where we would catch these) and others too numerous to mention. Nothing was good, and by the time it was over, we were all ready to jump overboard and try our luck at swimming home. However, since then, have found out it is not as bad as they said! The next day we debarked and by the time we landed it was dark. What a reception! We stepped off the dock into ankle deep mud and in a downpour of rain. We finally got onto trucks, men on some and bags on others and took off to find our camping spot. What we could see in the dark was a mess, and all mud and water. The roads were just ruts and half the time we wondered if we were on roads or cutting across fields. We rode this way for some time, hoping that we would come out alive, when finally they stopped, told us to debark and walk the rest of the way. We started up a hill, one of these where you go ahead three feet and slide back two feet, and with our equipment on our backs it was a job getting to the top. We were soaking wet from sweat and rain. Finally, we came to a level spot and they told us to pitch camp. My buddy and I were too damn tired to put up our tent, so we lay it on the ground, put blankets down, took our shoes off and lay down. Then the mosquitoes started in to have their feast and with some of them, we had to go into hand to hand combat to get rid of them. We covered our heads, and got a little rest until about 4:30 in the morning, when it started to rain again. We put raincoats over us and stood it until it came up from beneath and we got soaking wet. Had to get up, put blankets over our heads, standing in about two inches of water, cussing a blue streak. It finally stopped, and looking around, everybody was laying or standing in water and mud. Our clothes and equipment was all soaked, no dry cigarettes, and nothing to eat as our K rations were in our bags. We laid our things out to dry, started looking around and hoping that soon our bags would arrive as we were getting hungry. What a place we landed at. Everything was torn up, holes full of mud and water, no buildings around us and lots of filth, flies, mosquitoes and bugs of all types. About noon our bags arrived, all wet, too, and we dove into them for our K rations like we were going after a steak. After eating, we wanted water, so some of the boys found cans, hitched a ride and got some. We then started putting up our pup tents and trying to get set up so we could sleep that night. We didn't know then, but we lived in pup tents and ate K and C rations for over 10 days. For some days, we worked trying to make this site livable. It was a back breaking job as we had no tools but our small trenching tools. I discovered muscles I didn't know I had and plenty tired and stiff at night. It rains a lot and when not raining, the sun shines and it is blistering hot. You should have seen us, using a Jap three wheel cart, with a cow pulling it, hauling rocks around. Very primitive, but it saved our backs. We had to fight the bugs, flies, and at night we would wake up and discover some strange bedfellows. Our camp looked like a hobo jungle and we looked like hoboes, too. Now we have big tents and cots and it is quite an improvement. A lot of fellows are having dengue fever, but nothing serious has happened yet. We are getting hot meals now, mostly hash and Vienna sausages (hot dogs), but at least hot. K rations get very tiresome after a few days. The Engineers and C B's are doing a good job and soon it will be much improved. No P X as yet, but we get cigarettes and gum, and now beer, so get along all right."

A/S Bob Williams, Sherman, Texas, "I am now beginning to realize why my old class voted me the most likely to go to seed. Last Saturday evening, I shined my belt buckle and went into town with but one small thought in my mind—the thought being about '53". With all the girls in defense plants, it's hard to get a date down here. They don't go out for a time anymore. They want time and a half. The thought turned out to be 6' 1½". Next time I go out on pass, I won't forget my earphones. Talking to her was like staying on the first floor of the Wrigley building and still trying to carry on a conversation with the bartender in the Cocktail Lounge on the 51st story, without the aid of a telephone (written in one breath). I'm still hoarse. We went to a movie, had lunch afterwards, then she picked me up and kissed me goodnight. I get my new plate Thursday. God, whatta woman! I swear I'm not going out with another Texas girl until I have completed Charles Atlas' course. It's no small wonder that all the soldiers here, while on pass, walk in groups of not less than three. To finish the revelation of my week-end (spell it with an "A", if you wish), I missed the last bus back to camp so I bought a bag of peanuts. Thumbing rides is against the rules, but there's nothing to stop a man from flipping peanut shells over his shoulder. I got back in time . . . Last night my buddy and I "sweat out" a line two full blocks long at the post theatre to see "Casanova Brown"; but it was certainly well worth the waiting. That line was so long that some fellow made \$20 running up and down it selling blood plasma."

Other grand cards and letters that we got a kick out of came from William D. Sweeney, F 2/c, San Bruno, Calif . . . Elliott B. Collson, S/Sgt., Rochester, New York . . . L. W. Bloomquist, S 2/c, Gulfport, Miss. . . Rena Ulm, Sp (I) 3/c, Washington, D. C. . . Mabel E. Lindstrom, San Diego, Calif . . . Pvt. Darrel Schill, England . . . Pfc. Lyle Newkirk, England . . . Marvin Mount, FPO San Francisco. This is the forty-eighth time I've come to this last paragraph. A year ago some gloomy prophets were still predicting a war that might last five or even ten years more. Today most Washington observers are saying that the end in Europe will come some time in October. More power to you, Joe. You've done the job and everyone at home is proud that you are our boy. God bless you and keep you safe.

Your home town correspondent,

Ed Breen.